

from Juked #7, Spring 2010

DOVE LIFE

If your wife is built of pigeons
your wife will disappear.
Nor will you have the bullets
to write your love notes in the snow.
Dove-life flutters out of the abyss,
caresses the faceplate on your spacesuit
and flies away with your oxygen tank.
Don't be afraid. Angels were meant
to take away breath. They jump
from synapse to synapse like a ghost.
They give you a handjob in the boat
behind Bethany's house. They live forever
in 2003. When you feel their feathers
smother the forest at night, do what you must.
Descend the staircase to your basement,
your workout bench, your shoebox
full of photographs. Or travel so far
into yourself, when you arrive
at the center the ripcord is a wick
and you must use your teeth
to remove the plastic packaging
that surrounds your heart. Welcome
to my castle made of tiny hollow
bones. The architect left years ago
with a man she barely knew.